

NOITATIVNI

101 Ways to
Kill Yourself



INVITATION

~INVITATION TO "101 WAYS TO KILL YOURSELF"~

公明
デューク

※ Must be 18 years or older to purchase. Game contains violence and nudity which may be unsuitable for younger viewers.

Published August 10, 2001
Production: ©DUKE

FEATURES

Back
Log

H
Scenes

CG
Gallery

Music
& SFX

View in Full-
screen or
Window

OP & ED
Included

Art:
Takamori
Yuu

Scenario:
Yamada
Orochi

Music:
YET11

Vocals:
Satou
Hiromi

STORY

Torabishi Takuji is afflicted by a noise he calls "gray".

With the origin of the sound's "episodes" unclear, Takuji finds it difficult to decipher "delusion" from "reality". Eventually, the distinction between the two begins to blur...

"Delusion" and "reality". "Life" and "death".

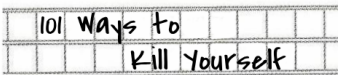
Torn between them, Takuji finds comfort by living in "his own" world.

A cast of mysterious characters with strong personalities are repeatedly strained, subdued, and driven to the brink of madness.

GAMEPLAY

"101 Ways to Kill Yourself" is a visual novel with heavy text content.

You follow the story of Torabishi Takuji, the high-school protagonist. His story is told in third-person objective.



TITLE: 101 Ways to Kill Yourself
DEVELOPER: DUKE
RELEASE: Friday, October 5, 2001
GENRE: Mindscrew (NVL)
PRICE: 6800 yen (before tax)
ART: Takamori Yuu
SCENARIO: Yamada Orochi
MUSIC: YET11 (PULSENOTES)

SPECS

OS: Windows98/Me/2000

CPU: PentiumII 233 MHz or higher
 (PentiumIII 300 MHz or higher recommended)

MEMORY: 48 MB or higher
 (64 MB or higher recommended)

GRAPHICS: 800 x 600 High Color
 VGA compatible with DirectX

SOUND: CD-DA / DirectSound compatible with soundcard

HDD FREE SPACE: 350MB or higher
 (650 or higher recommended)

OTHER: DirectX7.0 or higher

PRODUCTION: DUKE

DISTRIBUTION: Dozine Ltd.

<http://www.inp.co.jp/duke/>

<http://www.dozine.co.jp/>

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THE "101 WAYS TO KILL YOURSELF"

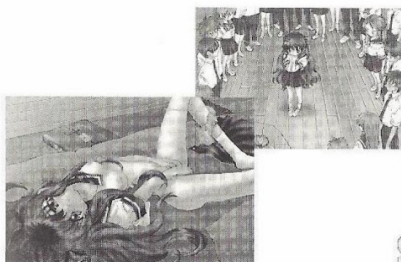
101 Ways to Kill Yourself

CHARACTER



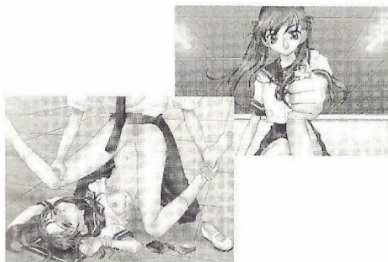
Our story's teenage protagonist. Unable to distinguish between delusion and reality, he drifts through daily school life.

Takuji Torabishi



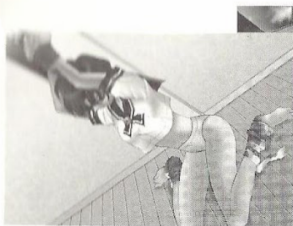
Takuji's step-sister. Her feelings for him are more than familial. She also has a secret that she can't reveal to him, and spends her days with mixed feelings.

Samomo Torabishi



Takuji's classmate. She appears docile but is cold and emotionless. She has a death wish and shares a secret with Takuji.

Kanna Tsukishiro



Momiji Kannagi

Takuji's classmate and childhood friend. She's a tomboy on the track team. She and Takuji have never dated.



Natane Kumoi

Takuji's classmate. A seemingly normal honor student with a strange look in her eyes. She claims to have been raped by aliens.



Akaneko Kinjoh

A teacher at Takuji's school. Strict, cool and confident, she exudes maturity and sex appeal.



Shunichi Midoh

A classmate of Takuji's that's rumored to be involved in some shady business. His violent image has earned him a small following.



101 Ways to Kill Yourself

Preface



Wakakusa Yuki nicknamed me "Kanna-chan".

Other mortals call me by my surname— though I've been called "Risuko" (likely in reference to my always-bandaged wrists) by those that think I can't hear them muttering under their breath.

"Wrist-cut". "Risuko". Get it?

They call me that out of malice, but they're not wrong. I actually cut myself quite frequently and am subject to malice by the life that I live. So it doesn't bother me. I choose to cut— of this I am fully aware of.

I accept the effect I've caused.

Malice is like a boomerang.

It comes back.

Like a cat that's been dropped.

It always comes back.

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The job used to belong to Wakakusa Yuki, but Torabishi Takuji has inherited her post. I worked alone after Wakakusa Yuki died and before Torabishi Takuji appeared. I had to catch cats myself. It wasn't easy. Strays are sharp as diamonds and know not to cozy up to humans.

Torabishi Takuji is good at collecting cats.

Like myself, he will perish.

He will return.

All will return.

Our heads will be scythed by the
accursed black boomerang.

Hehe.

Slice!



Cheap dramas expect you to believe in people who are godly. When all hope seems lost, the hero or heroine will uplift the downtrodden.

"Don't worry. I'll always be there to protect you."

"Don't worry. I forgive you."

Their words become gospel and pull others from their sorrows. They free them from guilt. They offer salvation. The protagonists kiss to the sweet chime of an old music box, or piano. Miracles manifest. A girl afflicted with blindness sees the light, and time heals all wounds. The story ends happily.

Media is a mirror that reflects us. We seek that which wholly affirms us
– God, the gospel.

But we know that no one can grant forgiveness, so we will never experience it.

There is no God.
No gospel.
No miracles.
Yet we seek salvation.

True love or the end of the world?
Something just within grasp or
infinitely distant?
We can only attach ourselves to one
reprieve at a time. Nothing between.
My salvation is at the end of the
world.
And, to me, the end of the world is
death.





Wakakusa Yuki instilled this in me.

We truly understood each other.

Cultivating within me is a black sun. From the surface sprouted Wakakusa Yuki's seedlings, her vines enveloping me whole. I became enamored with death. Death's tentacles penetrated my organs, darkening the very color of my blood.

Wakakusa Yuki is dead and I'm alive. She was delivered while I wasn't. She drifted off into eternal slumber while I floundered in her bed, a shrimp in a sea of my own vomit. I still remember the smell. I'm stuck with it.

If you flayed me, shaved the meat off my bones and took a whiff, you'd surely notice it.

How utterly pathetic.

Now it's my turn.

To rid myself of the cross Wakakusa Yuki cursed me with. To pass it onto Torabishi Takuji.

I'll bind him to death, just as Wakakusa Yuki did to me. I'll lend him my body. Swallow his seed with the very tongue I'll shove down his throat. He'll brush the sweat from my forehead, penetrate me with a hand around my neck. We'll become one. Then finally, that godforsaken curse will seek refuge in Torabishi Takuji...

Like myself, he will perish.

But I go first.

When I release my grip, the plastic bag falls with a crunch.
It reminds me of a dove, its white wings flapping. But it's just a plastic bag
from the grocery store, and the cat within has no wings to flap. It can't go
anywhere. Just like us. Nobody will save the cat. There's no God. No miracles.

Eventually the white mass dissolves into the darkness of the night. A faint
BANG! follows. The sound of fading life.
Silence. Silence. Silence – the sound of the night.

I drop a cat.
I experience its death.
I deliver it death.
I, am death.



There aren't any
people around.
No moon or stars to
light the sky.
– Is he not coming
tonight?
I'll have to manage
my aching body alone.

– –

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Like a cat that's been dropped.
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